

THIRTEEN LASHES ON HIS BARE BACK.

Wife Beater Eisenberger Meets the Vengeance of Maryland Law—A Similar Law Needed in South Carolina.

Thirteen lashes—the sentence of the court—were laid across the bare back of John Eisenberger at the city jail one afternoon of last October, for beating his wife. The whipping was done with an ordinary cowhide, and three dozen or more people went there to see it. Sheriff May and Deputy Sheriff Roseman went over to the jail between four and five o'clock. At five minutes before five o'clock the sheriff told Warden Waters that he was ready. Deputy Warden Edwards and Dwyer quickly removed the iron clamps that fastened the arms and legs to the whipping post. Then, the order was given to bring Eisenberger from his cell. He came out firmly, and it was evident he had nerved himself up for his punishment. He was pale, but there was no sign of nervousness.

Glancing a moment at the crowd before him and meeting their gaze squarely, he turned from the grated door through which he had just passed and stood face to face with the ugly whipping post. The beard of several days' growth which had been on his face was cleanly shaven off, and his mustache, too, had been cut off at his own request. He wore a pair blue cotton overalls and a shirt of the same material. Stepping on the platform, he pulled off his shirt, then his undershirt, and showed a broad, muscular back and shoulders and a pair of brawny arms. Eisenberger did not look like a brutal man. Without a word he stood squarely up against the post and stretched his arms out on the crossbar. The cold steel clamps were put in their places again and screwed up by the deputy warden until his hands were held firmly against the bar. As he felt the pressure of the steel he seemed more than ever to realize his helplessness and humiliating position, and, pressing his face tight against the post, he set his mouth hard and gritted his teeth. It was only a moment, but this seemed to strengthen him, and he watched closely the brief preparation that remained to prepare him for the lash. Only once he spoke, and that was an almost inaudible reply to a question from one of the deputies whether the clamps were too tight. Then the legs were clamped, the victim was ready for justice.

Deputy Sheriff Roseman, who had been standing quietly at one side watching for his part of the performance, stepped quickly forward and stood by Eisenberger's side. A moment he looked at the back of the man as if calculating the force and the force to strike. Then raising his cowhide, without more ado, he brought it down with a cruel swish about midway between the shoulders and the small of the back. Not a muscle quivered. Eisenberger looked straight ahead of him, his eyes partly closed.

"One!" counted the sheriff who stood by. Then, ere the spectators had had time to note its effect, came the second blow.

"Two!" called out the sheriff; "three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve! thirteen!" and Eisenberger was whipped.

Just thirteen seconds. When the first blow fell there seemed at first sight no visible effect. But by the time the second had followed closely upon it, a long, bright red stripe appeared, quickly changing to blue, then purple, and the flesh rose in a great welt where the whip had stung. One after another the ugly marks stood out, showing the track of the lash, and when the clamps were loosened and the victim stepped from the platform, close alongside of each other were the thirteen stripes, the mark of the law telling that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Every moment the dark purple welt became larger and uglier, but there was no blood drawn except in one or two places under the arm, where the point of the whip lapped. Suddenly and with bowed head Eisenberger turned from the spot, the memory of which he will carry to his grave, and walked, with his back still bare, to his cell. There his back was dressed. The other prisoners were looked in their cells, so that they could not see the whipping, but as soon as they knew from the rattling of the clamps that it was over, they applauded Eisenberger's grit. This was quickly stopped by Deputy Warden Edwards.

The blows did not seem to be laid on with the force that some of the spectators anticipated, and it looked as if Eisenberger was being rather tenderly handled; but when the back was brought into full view, it was seen that it was no child's play he had gone through with. The whip was laid on quickly with a sort of downward cut that medical men say is much more effective and painful than when administered with what seems like much greater force. Deputy Roseman is an old hand at the business, and does it in an artistic manner. Eisenberger had been very nervous and anxious all day, but determined to screw his courage to the sticking point when the hour of his ordeal came, and he succeeded. His mother and his wife called at the court room in the morning to plead for a respite, but they could do nothing.

History in the Schools. We think it worthy of commendation, this effort to introduce the study of the history of South Carolina into our common schools. We hope our school commissioner will urge the matter. The majority of our school children, yes, the majority of our whole people, know less of the history of our State than of England or France or Persia. This may seem an extravagant assertion, but we believe the facts will fully support it.

We should know more of what pertains to our own homes even if we must know less of other lands. We want to teach the history and geography of our commonwealth. How few of us know and appreciate the immense power and influence which our little republic—making but a tiny speck on the map of the Union—has wielded in the affairs of America. How many know its agriculture, vegetable, and mineral wealth? Would it not surprise many to be told that in South Carolina are the finest manganese mines in the world? that we have enough readily available water power to manufacture all the cotton made in the United States? Yet such are facts. Teach our people more of their men and women, their great history of the resources of our country, and they will appreciate, admire and love their State better and consequently will do better and make better citizens.—Lake City Weekly.

He Ought to Have Been Hung. EDGEFIELD, Nov. 7.—A letter has been received by a citizen of our county from Mr. John W. Echols, of Pittsburg, Pa., who came to Edgefield to participate as one of the defendant's attorneys in the famous Yeldell case. Among other things he says: "I am now well satisfied that Yeldell is a hard case, and I am sorry he did not receive to some extent at least his just deserts. He has never called to see me since our return. I am only \$22.50 ahead of my traveling and other expenses in this case, and it seems to me that it is all that I will ever receive." From the above it will be seen that the great "hulla-be-loo" made by Yeldell and his inate followers in regard to raising funds for his defense was all a myth, and now that he is free, he contents himself with allowing those who befriended him to go without compensation.

No Harm to Try It. An exchange very pertinently says that every paper in the State should publish the fact that burnt corn is a sure cure for hog cholera, and adds: "It was first discovered by the burning of a pile of corn belonging to a distillery at Peoria, Ill. It was thrown to the hogs, and eaten by them. Before that time a number had been dying each day with cholera, but the disease immediately disappeared. It is so simple a remedy that it can easily be tried."

Two Kinds of Girls. There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears better abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is that kind which appears best at home—the girls that are cheerful and useful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Now, it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. A slight education will modify both a little, and unite their good qualities in one.

First Court in Florence. The members of the Florence bar have agreed upon a plan for obviating the difficulty arising from the requirements of the law providing for the holding of the fall terms of the circuit court at Florence and Georgetown on the same day. In order to "prevent unnecessary litigation as to jurisdiction," they will apply to the legislature at its approaching session for the passage of an act authorizing the holding of a special term of the court at Florence on the first Monday in January.—Georgetown Enquirer.

Honor to Women. The sacred books of India contain the following praiseworthy maxims: "He who despises women despises his own mother." "Who is cursed by women is cursed by God." "The tears of women call down the fire of heaven on those who make them flow." "Evil to him who laughs at woman's sufferings; God shall laugh at his prayers." "It was at the prayer of a woman that the Creator pardoned man. Cursed be he who forgets it." "There is no crime more odious than to persecute a woman." "When women are honored the divinities are content; but when they are not honored all undertakings fail." "The households cursed by women to whom they have not rendered the homage due to them, find themselves weighed down with ruin and destroyed as if they had been struck by some secret power." "It is time to appreciate all things at their true value."

Ethics of the Mustache. A plain, unpretentious mustache indicates nothing in particular, and about the only way you can read a man's character from this standpoint is by the manner in which he trains his mustache and the amount of labor he devotes to it. A man, for instance, who will take a pair of scissors and deliberately trim off the straggling ends of his mustache to keep them from curling up in his nose, or in the corner of his mouth, is more sensible than the general run of men who are really able to grow a healthy mustache.

If there is one style of whiskers in the world that is calculated to make a fool of a man more than any other it is a fine hairy mustache, and, as before hinted, about the only thing he can say of a man who devotes half his time to the training of his mustache is that he is usually very giddy, and his urbanity and vanity are measured by the size and curl of his appendage.—Chicago News.

Her Head Was Level. "What induced a married woman of your standing," said the newspaper reporter, "to leave such a charming family andelope?" "Because," sobbed the wretched creature, "I had never had a complacency in my life and I knew if I did something atrocious all the papers would say that I was handsome and attractive."—Judge.

Death of a Veteran. FLORENCE, Nov. 6.—Mr. George Hall, one of our oldest citizens, died Monday afternoon of general debility. Mr. Hall was a locomotive engineer, and had been running on the Coast Line for a number of years. He was compelled to leave the road about a year ago on account of his sight failing. He was the first engineer that ran on the old Wilmington and Manchester railroad, and was afterwards master machinist of that road. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in which order he was insured. He leaves a wife and four children.

Hits and Misses. Washington Capital: The nutmeg has a peculiarly grateful flavor. Merchant Traveler: The monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb. Rochester Post: Dunley says he has noticed that the slowest men sometimes wear the fastest colors. Pittsburg Chronicle: People generally prefer their grapes cold. Even soldiers do not like their grapeshot.

Texas Sittings: Cleopatra's needle has always seemed out of place in busy New York, because it has no eye for business. Chicago Times: The cruiser Baltimore has been docked at Baltimore. Probably because she did not get down to the office on time.

A Lawless Character. What a lot of hardened law breakers many of us are who are guilty of the same misdemeanors confessed by a celebrated humorist in the following avowal: "Sometimes," says he, "when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious, and political circles have not elected me chief of the band."

"I think nothing of defying those in authority; I 'sass' the President, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily; I drive across the bridge 'faster than a walk,' and openly sneer at the five-dollar fine with which the sign-board threatens me; I have 'walked on the grass' in Fairmont Park; in Central Park I have 'plucked a leaf, flower, or shrub'; I have 'stood on the front platform' for many miles; I have 'talked to the man at the wheel'; I have 'got on and off the cars while in motion'; I have 'smoked about this shaft'; I have refused to 'keep moving' on the Brooklyn Bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always 'turn to the right' when I am driving; I do not always 'procure tickets before entering the cars'—why, I can't begin to tell one half my lawless acts. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause: I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessor."

It is estimated that there are 600,000 opium eaters in the United States. The vice of opium eating appears to be decidedly on the increase, and the time would seem to have come for a positive and general movement against it. Thus far the cure of the evil has been left entirely to individuals operating upon particular cases.

A Baltimore astronomer says: By powerful telescopes the moon can be brought apparently within one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles of the earth, "everything" appears dead. Nothing but the wildest desolation prevails. Circular caverns and pits have their floors strewn with huge blocks, and sides stretching upward a thousand feet. Some of the mountains inclose areas of forty to one hundred and twenty miles in diameter, while the peaks themselves rise often to seven thousand feet, and in one instance sixteen thousand feet in altitude.

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